

PATHFINDER

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1965

PATHFINDER

DEDICATED TO THE INTEREST OF THE INMATE

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PATHFINDER

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PATHFINDER is published by and for the inmates of Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Permission is hereby granted to reprint articles originating in this magazine. Any view expressed herein is not necessarily that of the Administration, nor of the PATHFINDER staff. All manuscripts submitted for publication must be signed by the author. Please address inquiries to:-

PATHFINDER, Box 160, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada

EDITORIAL

Capital Punishment. What is it? A lot of people don't seem to know. Not in the true sense, anyway. They know, of course, that in Canada it's a sudden stop at the end of a piece of hemp that has the symbolic thirteen knots on it. They know that those knots serve a useful purpose. They also know that, when Mr. Ellis (Canada's official hangman) is off in his judgment, a head sometimes comes off, or strangulation occurs.

But what do they actually think it is? Are they conscious of the moral issues involved? Do they think it's a deterrent? Is it retaliation for some, an eye-for-eye-and-tooth-for-tooth affair? They don't know. Not really... ~~like, penal reform~~... it's something taken for granted... Something mullied over in a moment of reflection... but never studied analytically. Sounds wrong? It's not. Not one iota.

Over thirty-five countries, and ten states south of the border, have abolished Capital Punishment; yet Canada, like a slow-plodding, backward lumberjack, has just begun to seriously consider the problem. Of course, the proof is still in the pudding, and in this case the success—not the number—that these countries have had with abolition is the proof. Surveys taken after this enactment revealed that no bloodbaths sprang up overnight; nor were any mass burials necessary for law enforcement officers. People still killed as they did before, as they always have, as they always will—with or without premeditation. But the crux of the surveys is that there was, and has been, no notable increase in capital crimes in any of these countries or states. In fact, and surprising as it may seem, in some areas there has actually been a decrease.

Professor P.J. Griffin, University of Toronto sociologist, came up with some interesting research, which was summed up in a recent issue of THE TORONTO DAILY STAR. Quote:—"The police chiefs accepted an assertion by Ralph Cowan (M.P.) that the murder rate in Canada has almost doubled since 1960.

... Professor Griffin discovered that Mr. Cowan's statis-

tics were incomplete.

"In February of this year the police chiefs sent a letter to all members of Parliament urging them to vote against the expected bill to abolish Capital Punishment." In support of their arguments they claim that ever since 1957 crimes of violence, including murder, had increased dramatically.

"The 1961 figure of 169 murders—an increase of 51 over 1960—was seen by Mr. Cowan as a direct result of the underworld's response to the change in the Criminal Code. It was no such thing. In 1961, the Bureau of Statistics, for the first time, included in the national report all police figures.

"Professor Griffin took the trouble to total the 1961 figures from the same police jurisdictions as reported in the 1961 total. The result? There were six fewer murders in 1961."

This, then, breaks with a loud snap the so-called firm and solid leg that the dissenters have been standing on, and proves without a doubt that the deterrent factor is a fallacious and toothless theory. It has always been. It has never at any time proved to be effective. And to believe otherwise would be to believe that man is a vegetable, incapable of blind rage, and void of desires. Fear has no position in the picture. And what, after all, is the electric chair, the gas chamber or the rope supposed to accomplish, apart from their gruesome duty, if not to frighten and deter.

Scientifically, Canada is away out there in space. Socially and morally, it's barely moving. The dollar has grounded and grasped our motivations, stifled our ideals, and made the word "conscience" sound like a beznik term. The Canadian eye can easily see the value in nuclear power, but becomes myopic when asked to look at the picture of Capital Punishment. The rope is seen as a swaying blur; not as a moral cancer, which it can only be. It is also seen by some as a select bow tie for select people. Those people ignominiously see Capital Punishment as a just and deserving act. It can never be this. Not if we are to consider—and morally we must—that this type of legal killing is a futile and empty thing that has no place in modern society.

The police of this country and a few other organizations have voiced their opinions on the subject. They wish to retain the death penalty for reasons which could only be self-centered. We ask you, Mr. Citizen, how do you see it?

P E N - C E L L N O T E S

EASTER VISITS

The Commissioner granted an extension of the privilege of family visits and attendance at Easter Mass in both the R.C. and the Protestant chapels. The inmates sat with their families.

FIRST AID GRADUATES

During the winter months, approximately 70 men successfully passed the St. John Ambulance exams on various levels.

SUPREME COURT HEARING

Steve Severson was granted a hearing, at his own traveling expense, to apply for leave to appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada on the grounds of Entrapment and Lack of Jurisdiction.

JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY

Mr. M.C. Bennett, of the Alberta John Howard Society, will be leaving the service as institutional representative, and he will enroll in the Graduate School of Social Studies at McGill.

HABITUAL CHARGE Laid

Steve Holowaty, doing seven years, was recently taken back to Edmonton to stand trial on a Habitual Criminal charge.

INMATE MARRIAGE

Marv Greene was granted a one-day leave in town, to be married. The ceremony was held in the cathedral, United Church, and the privilege included a three-hour honeymoon.

ANNUAL SPORTS BANQUET

The Annual Sports Banquet, a tradition in many Canadian institutions, was held here on May 21, to honor the champions in all phases of organized sport and other competition.

SOCIAL NOTES

The four inmates who caused quite a furor in this territory by being absent without leave were returned four days later.

AN AWARENESS OF NIGHT

by

doug bevans

I sometimes look through the bars of my cell and think that I may never see the dawn of another day of freedom. The thought, though morbid, is far from being unrealistic and is not the least bit melodramatic. In fact it is, if anything, a speck of pure truth. We die a little every day we live. The sands of time run steadily downward and outward toward the infinite vacuum of eternity, toward the end of life and the beginning of death. Man's life is calculated in the mindless ticking of every second, in the steady plodding of every minute, and the chimes of oblivion can ring at any time. Death pays homage to none, the edge of the pit is never very far away.

In prison a man thinks often of life and its uncertainty, and some of us pray daily to our pagan Gods that death will not claim us here, here in the crucible of confinement, here where no-one cares. In the hollow stillness of night you can hear, in the tiny cubicles all around you, the twisting agonies of men with nothing to fight but time and the nightmare it brings. A man a few cells away will call out loudly in the darkness, a sound torn from the depths of a restless sleep, an echoing sound of torment in a room that has no ears, where the cement walls gaze down on the writhing figure with the granite stare of the open-eyed dead. No one to witness his agony, no one to ease his hurt, he is alone with the haunting thoughts of his slumbering brain. In sleep his domination over thought ends, his will to tough it out and stay alive wanes, and he is at the mercy of his mind. The thoughts he consciously suppressed ride roughshod through his sleep, creating images too hideous to be believed and too vividly real to be disbelieved. Whirling, whispering images of death. And then he wakes up, and in the eerie stillness of the night, in the complete aloneness of his cell, the nightmare fades slowly away and is replaced by the steel of the bars and the brick of the walls, unpleasant but real, and much more preferable than the spinning, dizzy, frightening world of his unconscious mind. He reaches out and squeezes the cold steel of those miserable bars and he is glad

they are still there, still real, still as hard and unbending as ever, a brutal but reassuring reminder of reality.

There are few men in here who would admit to these nights of sleeping anguish and I don't really blame them. No one likes to admit fear, and least of all fear of imaginary things. But fear of death should never cause anyone embarrassment at admission, because death is one enemy that none of us can successfully do battle with. No one wants to die, at least no one should want to die. Being afraid, in the face of death, is not being a coward, it's being a man; the thing that makes a coward is the way the fear is carried. Living in a prison brings a keener awareness of the possibility of death. We live so tightly from day to day in here that all facets of life are brought equally and sharply closer; and death is the final facet of life.

The most screamingly repulsive thing in the world to men in here is the thought that they might someday die here. It is a sombre fact that they are acutely aware of and which they carry from day to day with amazing calmness. None of them are cowards. They know about dying behind bars, and they don't want to personally experience it, but the fact remains that they could. It is not an easy idea to live with, if anything, it is one of the most cruel pieces of knowledge on earth.

If there is a sin under the sun it is the death of a man in prison, where his last glimpse of life is marred by a grillwork of bars and where his last recollected sound will probably be the slamming of a cell door or the cacophonic ringing of a count-bell. His throat is clogged with the dust of ageless bricks, the grey that was his dry slowly turns to black, the spark of life flickers and goes out, his confinement is complete. He was nothing then, he is even less now; only a man, a 'solitary man' who died a solitary death, a death as hollow and meaningless as the building in which it took place. Death is not a dignified process in prison, it is a dirty one.

So through the day the men I live with laugh; but at night when the lights are out and the darkness of the cell is absolute, when no one can intrude upon the privacy of their misery, they die a little. The skeletal hand of the spectre of eternal night comes unbidden to touch them, to remind them in their loneliness of his everlasting and everwaiting presence. Thus marks the beginning of another long and oppressively silent prison night, a silence broken only by the struggling sounds of men in bondage.

NOTICE

To all our Subscribers:

The Staff of Pathfinder and the Administration of Saskatchewan Penitentiary have come to an agreement on a rather difficult problem. It has been decided that in the future and as of this issue, we will publish on a bi-monthly basis.

Like other organizations whose operations are influenced by purely financial factors, Pathfinder is necessarily subject to the essential pressures of our times, in terms of dollars and cents. And, because of rising costs of paper, ink and especially mailing charges, It has become impossible to publish twelve numbers for the price of the subscription---\$1.00.

Rather than raise the price of the subscription, we found it advisable to publish on a bi-monthly basis and maintain the established one-dollar rate.

We are sure that our subscribers can appreciate the problem involved. We would like to point out, however, that we will increase the number of pages in each issue, to compensate the difference between actual costs and the savings achieved.

The Staff, Pathfinder.

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T H A N K Y O U , B O Y S !

To Mr. Crawford, Recreational Supervisor,
And all the inmates who helped and donated
the lovely leather purse to our Association;

Everyone was so pleased with it and, of course, hoped they would win it.

Mr. Jim Stratychuk of Kalyna, Sask., did win it on May 8. And, our Association realized \$90.75 from the raffle, so we thank you very much.

Sincerely,
Mrs. L. Cross, Secretary,
Prince Albert Association,
Retarded Children.



by

gerry huppe
Greetings one and all wherever you may be. And to the greatest team out West, the Edmonton Oil Kings, we say tough luck, and wait until next year.

Now let's all stroll over to the Auditorium where basketball playoffs are in progress. Here we find the mighty Giants who finished in the first place watching the best of three semifinals between the Celtics and the Eagles, the Giants being awarded the bye. The Celtics, a powerfull club, dominated play to eliminate the Eagles two straight, in the finals, although the Eagles boast such stars as Dergo, Geno Groulx and Joe Kozaris. The finals however, saw the Celtics go down in defeat to give the Giants the 1964-65 Championship.

Dale Newell and McKinney were standouts for the Eagles. The first game was indeed a heart-breaker for the Eagles, as going into the last half of the game, the Eagles held a twenty point lead. However fans, coach Long Andy Crieghton, during half-time was really on the warpath, and the lecture the Giant players received was evident during the last half. John Wilson, Big Ivan, Norm Roy, Coach Andy Crieghton, Jerry Hall, Gerry Huppe, Bob Balharry, Brydin and Hyde were out to overcome the twenty point lead, and overcome it they did, to take a one game lead.

The second game was the best played here this year, as both teams displayed good form. Once again the Giants were victorious and held the Championship.

For the Giants it was a championship well deserved, while the Eagles, a powerfull club displayed true sportmanship, and to Commish and Dergo a job well done. Until next fall this concludes basketball.

Meanwhile our ball season is upon us once more, along with a brand new slate of committee members to organize our next few months of recreational activities. These men have taken steps which change the entire fast-ball league set up, as far as the selection of players is concerned. This move should result in a satisfactory distribution of players, providing that the trades are carefully watched.

Now that we are covering outside sports, let's start from the Tennis Courts. Notice that fellow in the white tennis shorts, his name is Frank Schultz, a weightlifter. Notice that fellow he is playing, that's Show-boat Jack Fieldhouse. He wears his glasses today as word is out that a member of the National P.B. will be around. Jack also catches for an A league team, mainly the Cardinals, and that's how he got the name Show-boat. When the Cards play, the fans come out to watch Jack not the game.

So we leave the tennis courts and stroll over to where all the future Major Leaguers play. C diamond, the rookie center. Notice that mean looking manager, his name is Golden-Arm, Art Hamilton. This year he wanted to be a pitcher, so to make sure of this he got his own team. That's Gordon his catcher, who claims Art has a drop ball second to none. Notice that Gordon wears shin pads. It seems that Art's drop-ball has a tendency to bounce two or three times before it gets to Gordie. The team we see practicing out there is Henry Sayer's, the Reds. That's the team who edged out the Cubs 29-3. Too bad the game was called in the third inning as the Cubs had a rally going, their first batter got a single. Other managers we see standing around are, John Severight of the Orioles, Carroll of the Tigers and George O'Brien of the Pirates. Now let's leave the rookie park and take in a B league game.

The two teams in action we see are the 007's. No fans, that is not a mask Ron is wearing, its just that his team is only five runs up, and Ron being the Mgr. likes to have at least a lead of a dozen runs, then he feels like smiling. However, as we write this report, the 007's are in first place in the league. The short-stop you see, not much higher than second base is Bob Gaucher, a speedster if there ever was one. Notice the Mgr. with the Clipper cap, that's Roy Henderson looking for a big rally. However, to Roy's sorrow, the 007's took the game, led by the hitting of Big Dino and young Hanlon along with Don

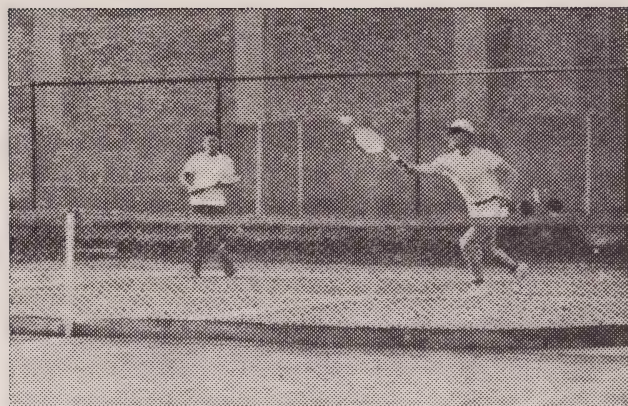
Hornberg. The man standing by the backstop is the manager of Hornets' Max Stevenson. Steve's Hornets played the 007's just the other day and were leading by ten runs going into the sixth inning, only to have the mighty 007's rally and overcome the deficit. In the dugout beside Steve is Sonny Lapointe Mgr. of the Dodgers, a team which seems to be well balanced. With Alex Hollick playing the hot spot on third, Don Kolot on second, and John Page at short-stop, this could be the team the 007's will have trouble with. Mr. Ron Westid was heard to want to chock a ball after John Page bounced a drive off the wall. John, weighing all of 120 lbs. with lead in his pockets, was more than surprised in hitting one that far. Just for the record Ron, it wasn't a rubber ball. This B league should prove very well balanced as the teams settle down. At the time of this writing, no All-Star B league games have been played against any teams from Down-town. However, they did play the A league All-Star Clippers and were defeated.

Now over to A league, where we also find four teams. The Giants' Mgr. Stan Berg; Astros' Mgr. Stan Bergin; Mets' Mgr. Jerry Cole and the Cardinals' Mgr. John McIntosh. Like the other two leagues, the managers are trying out and trading players in order to field a Championship team. The league sponsor saw the Cardinals and the Mets playing with the Cards as victors. The Cards, who boast a pitching staff of Dale and Fanie Newell, along with catcher Show-boot Jack Fieldhouse also boast hitting power at the plate. The Mets who lost a speedster and one of the best short-stops in Saskatchewan in Claude now have a big problem. However Jerry Cole will be scouting. Claude Newell is a fast runner and may be join up with the New York Mets.

The Giants with Stan Berg as Mgr. have a very fast improving short-stop by the name of Jerry St. Germaine, along with Mitch McGrey's pitching may be tough to beat.

The A league pitching staff which consists of Gene Groulx, Dale Newell, Fanie Newell, and Mitch McGrey will make it tough on those batters.

The All-Star Clippers have to date played two games, mainly practice for all teams. This league has at time of writing no teams and will probably be well represented by the time this article is out.



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On May 2nd, 100 inmates gathered to honour and award the winners of our past winter's sporting events. Taking their supper trays from the regular feeding line, these men proceeded to the Penitentiary Auditorium and 'dined'.

The evening activities were organized by our Inmate Recreation Committee, namely: Doug Bevans, Don Kolot, Tommy Tomlinson, Larry Seward, Lawrence Daloran, and Don Schmechel. Master of Ceremonies was Doug Bevans. Special guest and speaker was Deputy Warden J. Norfield. He spoke on the benefits of sports in an institution. He made special mention of the sporting atmosphere shown to the public by the inmate population at an All-Star game held in here last summer between the Pen All-Stars and the All-Stars of the Prince Albert Football League. On that date over 700 residents of Prince Albert area came in.

Following this, Doug Bevans introduced Red Dergo, Basketball Commissioner; Smokey Kitchemonia, B League Hockey Commissioner; Don Harty, Curling Commissioner; and Roger Seward, A League Hockey Commissioner. In turn these four men awarded the trophies and special prizes to the winners, each of whom were congratulated by Deputy Warden Norfield.

The winners are as follows:

- Andy Creighton - Captain of the winning Basketball Team the Giants.
- Gordon McKinney - Top Scorer in Basketball.
- Henry Laliberte - Captain of the Mustangs - Winners in B Hockey
- Ron Westad - Manager of the Mustangs.
- Don Cronberg - Top Scorer in B Hockey.
- Don Seward - Star Goal Keeper in B League.
- Don Seward - Top Scorer in A League Hockey.
- John Page - M. Gosselin - Bob Close and Ted Fox; Bonuspiel Champion Team.
- Stan Bergen - Top Scorer in A League Hockey.
- Norman Roy - Coach of the Canadians - Winners A League Hockey.
- John Severite - Manager of the Canadians.
- Stan Stewart - Best Goalie of the A League Hockey.

The evening closed with an Educational Film on Patents and also the movie "The Fall of the House of Usher".

AU REVOIR RIVARD - The Ballad of Old Bordeaux (Montreal Matin)

-The Warden sat at sundown, a busy day was o'er,
He'd just lit up a fat cigar, when a knock came at the door.
"Entrez, entrez!" The warden cried, "la porte she is ajar."
And who walked in, to his surprise, but Big Wheel Lou Rivard.
"Ow come, Boog Wheel, you promenade, it's curfew time,
n'est-ce pas?"

I warning you to prenez garde, afore you break de law."
"Pardonnez-moi, mon capitaine, I did not stop to tink,
But wit' your kind permission, I'd like to 'ose de rink."
"To 'ose de rink? Why sacrebleu, you must be wan boog fool!
De rink, ma frein' she's beaucoup d'eau, lak outdoor swimming
pool."

-Now Lucien, like quick brown fox, who must outwit the hound,
He senses with his gambler's ken, that he is gaining ground.
"It's true, monsieur, det ce matin, de rink was soft like slop,
Regardez - since apres-midi - de temperature go plop!
C'est vrai, fait chaud from where you sit, across the great
divide,

But where I stan' I feel a draft, Bebe it's cold outside!"

-"Eh bien, voila, go got de 'ose, permission you obtain,
Like my new boss, Claude Wagner say, we mus' be more humane."
"Merçi Monsieur, au revoir, adieu, light up your old cigar,
I will not bother you again, Not Big Wheel Lou Rivard."
"Exit, Exit," the Warden muse, "He make de boog joke, no?
Quello difference, he safe behind, de walls of old Bordeaux."

-One hour she pass, the Warden doze, then Bingo-tout de suite,
The sirens wail, the guards aussi, there's panic in the street.
The Warden freeze like paralyze, the joke he got trop tard,
"Certainement-Mon Dieu-c'est ca-de 'ose-de rink - RIVARD!"
Trop tard he stagger to his feet, no need to ask pourquoi,
"Certainement - Mon Dieu - c'est ca - Lucien Rivard s'en va!"

-He cry, Monsieur the Warden, enfin he sees it all,
Big Hose not for rink, by gar, big hose for over the wall!
He grind his teeth, he pull his hairs, he'll never smile again,
As he implore, encore, encore, "Where are you, Lucien?"

E P I L O G U E

-The search goes on relentless, through valley, hill and dell.
They seek him here, they seek him there, that Gallic Pimpernel.
For years and years in Cooksville, they'll tell the epic tale.
How Rivard left his footprints, on the walls of Bordeaux Jail!

LOOKING BACK



NOT LOOKING BACK, 'SCARED TO LOOK AHEAD',
JUST LOOKING!

Anyone unfortunate enough to receive a penitentiary sentence knows very well how easy it is to return to serve another term. This writer would not ask anyone to believe there are innocent men behind these walls, however; the man who has a previous penitentiary term on his record is liable to find himself on the way back for almost any infraction of the criminal code. So my fellow convict, oops, I mean, fellow inmate, beware, or you too may wind up banging out a three part column for some penal publication.

Most "old cons" make a habit of keeping our ear pretty well tuned to the ever-changing correctional scene, it matters not where we are or what we are doing; from time to time we encounter an old cell-mate who was recently released and our curiosity prompts us to question him quite closely and thoroughly about the jail he has just left. Hence a person that finds himself bellied up to the bar of justice and receiving another escorted trip to Saskatchewan's wonderful northland, is usually well prepared for whatever awaits him.

No amount of conversation could have prepared me for the new look that is shown in this institution. The admittance procedure has not changed a great deal, same bags, same pictures, same questions, same look of disbelief when I tell them my age. What the hell, Bonny gets away with it!

'D' Range is now the newcomers' tier; anyone entering this institution is required to spend a pre-determined number of days on this tier while the current classification process grinds out his immediate placement qualifications, after classification he will move to a cell on another tier, shop person-
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nel no longer cell on any specific range so you are liable to find yourself moving anywhere. The fact that we number almost seven hundred and twenty souls has a lot to do with the lack of choice in selecting your future home.

The old saw about idle hands leading to unconstructive thinking is still very much in vogue, therefore; every man is assigned to the Cleaners until his name comes up before the work board. With conditions as they are, I gave very serious thought to hiding out on the Cleaner count until my day of release, good jobs are scarce and all of the more desirable places of employment have long waiting lists.

Fortunately, the work board does on occasion come up with a placement that is very satisfactory to the man concerned, hence we find ourselves working on the P.T. count. Here again, the over-abundance of manpower is readily seen, therefore; my family has no need to keep an eye on the obituary notices, all is well, I won't be worked to death.

Summer brings a posting to the horse-shoe pits, wonder if my fine Moose Jaw background had anything to do with it? Oh well, if the dust ever settles and the wind quits blowing, a man could pick up a Florida type tan before fall. Fall comes and still no tan, never saw the beat of it - wind and dust for an entire summer - worst two weeks of my whole life.

Winter comes and with it an opportunity to take a job with the Pathfinder, now I can show everyone what a tremendous amount of literary talent has lain buried behind this youthful exterior. If you have read the previous installments you know I spoke the truth about my talent, if you have neglected to read this column for the past two issues - serves you right.

With this 'Young J.C.' bids one and all a fond farewell!! May TYKE become the world's wealthiest individual before I have occasion to write a fourth installment.

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He had just completed a long prison term and on that great day, when those big gates opened wide and the whole world lay before him, his joy knew no bounds. He shouted, "I'm free-o-o."

A little girl who was playing nearby gazed at him a minute and then came over. "That's nothing," she said, "I'm four."

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GIN and BRIDGE PLAYERS: The first deck of playing cards was made for King Charles of France - an insane man - in 1702.

'THE PARTY'

doug bevans

"You ready?"

"Yeah, I'm ready, so what, I been ready for eight months."

"Well, time's gettin' close now, not too much longer to wait and she'll be finished. Guess you'll be glad to have her over with, what with waitin' so long and all."

"Hard to say, really. Until the time comes. Yeah, hard to say. Sometimes, like late in the night when everythin's quiet and kind of lonely, I get to thinkin' that it'll be good when it's finished. But then, when that sun gets just over the rim of the hill out there, and the world and ground looks all red and sorta' yellow, with maybe a little cloud of mist about three feet from the bush, I start thinkin' the other way. Hell, I dunno, honest to God, I don't know. People always tellin' me I should be glad, gettin' to believe it myself, and then that damn breath-stoppin sun comes flashin' over the hill and I know it's all crap. Nobody wants to go. Nobody. Not ever."

"You suppose you may not handle yourself too good when she comes time?"

"God, I wish you'd stop askin' them damn stupid questions. How do I know whether I'm goin' to be good or bad? I sometimes think I'll be good, but then I ask myself what's the point? Don't really matter a damn whether I'm good or not, aint goin' to make one lick of difference to anybody. Coptin' for a minute or so, and that don't really count."

The door at the end of the hall opened. A clang of boots with steel on the bottom came down the dusty, mud streaked, man stained hallway. It was time. Now. Not tomorrow, not yesterday, but now. They walked in file. There were five of them. Nobody knows why there were five and nobody gives a damn. They came for him.

"Well, damnit, here they come. Now, are you ready?"

"If I aint ready now, I'll never be ready. Gets so I'm ready all the time, but never ready anytim.. I don't want to go. I

don't want to go, but I'm gonna' have to go. Nobody gives a damn anyway. The sun don't care and the mist don't care and the ground don't care and God don't care and I guess, when you get right down to it, I don't care neither. Yeah, lets go and get her over with. Only a few steps from here. They give me these clean clothes to wear just for today. Wasn't that nice of them? The pants even got a crease in 'em. Never had a white shirt on before either. I'll never forgit that supper they brought about six. She was turkey and trimmin's, all I could eat. never thought I wouldn't be hungry. Funny what waitin' does to you aint it? no more waitin' though, cause here they are."

They were there. It was now for him and he never gave any trouble. He 'went good'. They walked in, got him, and took him fast to the spot where it was to happen. He told them he figured that none of the fault was their's and that he kind of liked them and all, that they were a good bunch of guys. When he finished speaking they hanged him.

Then, in the cricket broken stillness of the night, the 'good bunch of guys' went home and laughed about the stupid things he had said and washed the dirt off their hands with perfumed soap.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story is fiction; fiction for its own sake. Any deeper meaning that the reader may get out of it will be the meaning that he or she has read into it.

S T A T I S T I C S

	<u>March</u>	<u>April</u>
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Released on expiration of sentence.....	24.....	26.....
Escapes.....	0.....	0.....
Transferred to other institutions.....	2.....	2.....
COUNT.....	Farm annex.....89.....	89.....
	MAIN INST.....700.....	712.....
	TOTAL.....789.....	801.....

ESSENCE OF TIME

steve b. marshall

Time comes and time goes

And people we've met pass us by;

Dreams come and dreams go

And for us it goes on until we die.

There will be times when we'll be saddened,

Or thwarted crippled and hurt,

And the dreams we've built and cherished

Will be shattered and crumpled to dirt;

But time will still come and time will still go,

And people meet people and then pass on by;

So go on, my son, and hold your head high

To fight, and try again, but never, never, cry.

REPORT

via - the 22 OCT - 1964 - 11:13.

The National Parole Board Regional Representative, Mr. R. G. Rowcliffe announced recently that the Minimum Parole Regulation had been changed and inmates should take careful note of the new aspects. Parole Regulations were amended on December 3rd, 1964, and we find that it is now a requirement that any inmate wishing a minimum parole has to apply for one; previous to this an inmate applying for a maximum parole indicated if he was interested in a minimum parole and it was an automatic process if the maximum was turned down. This change was made to coincide with the changes in the Parole Eligibility Release date. For instance, a man serving a two year sentence must serve at least nine months before Parole Eligibility Release date instead of at least one year as previously. In all sentences longer than two years the inmate is required to serve one-third of his sentence before his parole eligibility release date.

Mr. Rowcliffe pointed out that the National Parole Board has excluded from eligibility for Minimum Parole inmates who fall within certain categories. However, an inmate who has been denied a Maximum Parole unless:

1. He is a sex offender with previous conviction or involvement in this respect; or
2. His sentence is for an offence involving personal violence and his criminal record shows at least one previous conviction of a similar character or nature,...or he has had at least two convictions of this type in the past or;
3. He has seriously participated in a riot during the present term of imprisonment; or
4. He has lost Statutory Remission in excess of the number of months of earlier release that he is seeking through Minimum Parole; e.g. in a two year sentence the loss should not exceed 60 days and in a three year sentence the loss should not exceed 90 days, etc; or (Con't. P. 33)

INSIDE LINKING OUT

doug bevans

For countless and futile days I have been crouching in front of this typewriter with a posture reminiscent of a round shouldered condor. I have been waiting for words to say, not even knowing what I want to say, not really caring a jot whether I say anything or not.

It has been this way for some time with me and it will probably remain this way until I emerge from the front door; a free man. A free man? A free man! Let me correct that; a "loose" man, loose in every sense of the word. Probably a little loose in the lobes, too, but that is the accepted state of mind for ex-cons anyway. Well isn't it?

Who gives a man credit for changing his ways in prison, who among the teeming thousands of people outside ever forget to distrust this fellow who comes from behind the wall, this terrible two-legged scourge of the social structure? Nobody, that's who. There are people who think they do, and some that almost do, but there isn't one that really does. Even at the most forgiving, every person who encounters an ex-con retains some sense of superiority. He is never accepted fully for what he is, only partially for what people think he is. He is effectively and inescapably pigeon-holed, labeled and left to lose himself.

What happens outside happens inside, too. A man, a multi-year old thief, a time shaker from the old school, decides he needs a change, decides to dispense with the old life, the life that brought him here, the life that left him here. To begin his change he searches out a direction, a way to go, a rock strewn but passable path down the mountain of criminal living.

He knows he must get off this way of life completely if he is to hold any hope for himself, if he expects to be able to hang tough to his new found and newly felt desire. So he begins. He tries to think only positive, constructive thoughts, looks for the good in things instead of the easily seen bad, works painfully on developing tolerance and good will where before there was only impatience and bad feeling. The days become long for him, the way down the mountain is tricky and full of pitfalls, his 'old way' fights constantly for supremacy over his weak, uncertain 'new way'. His new beliefs and ideas are really no more hazy, infirm concepts, things more felt than understood; things that he knows he must understand some day if he is to make his desire a reality. He stumbles along this way for days, weeks, and even years, sometimes gaining ground, sometimes going in circles, but never really certain of where he is going, never confident that the ground under him is firm enough to hold him.

Finally, after many months, he realizes that he can't do it all by himself, he must have help and instruction, he must have encouragement and inspiration. He is already tired by the war that has been raging within him, he has fallen so many times and had so many set backs that he is prime now to give up, to quit and retire to the oblivion of the prison around him. Yet, strangely, he still hopes to make the grade, still hopes to win the battle with himself, still clings tenaciously to the inexplicable feeling that is within him, the feeling that, with help, he can become a man free among free men.

Now, with this intangible, certain form of uncertainty, he goes, in desperation, to find help and understanding, a safe and uncluttered path down the mountain. If he finds the help now, this minute when he needs it most, he will have made the grade, the worst will have passed. But what will happen if he doesn't find help? What will happen if, instead of help, he is confronted with suspicion and strong skepticism? What if he is called upon to defend his new position, a position he is not even certain he holds? What if he is bombarded with his past failures, his past broken promises and his past inadequacies. He is already uncertain, apprehensive and rudderless in his directionless search for truth. His finger hold on reform is just barely clinging, and the hand that should be

(Con't. Page 33)

ADD-ON . . .

DRUG ADDICTION - THE PROBLEM AND THE SOLUTION
by
THE OLD TIMER

History might or might not assign the late John F. Kennedy one of its niches reserved for the great American presidents, but the actual record reveals an almost militant concern with the basic social problems, and this includes his interest in drug addiction and the long sought answer.

The United States has always been a guiding spirit in drug control, taking the lead at the Opium Conference of Shanghai in 1909, but the primary aim has been slanted from the police angle, instead of consideration of the humane aspect.

Following ratification of the Hague Convention in 1912, the U.S. led the world in enacting federal laws----the Harrison Act was passed in 1914----and Canada tagged along with parallel legislation. It was then that the world had to accept the fact that the criminal addict had emerged as a new entity.

The start was wrong, of course. No narcotic law ever passed on the federal level anywhere in the civilized world had ever stipulated that it was a crime, in and of itself, to use narcotic drugs, validly or otherwise. This was deliberately---and often maliciously---ignored by many law agencies, and the humane aspect of the problem of drug addiction was waived by the courts in favor of the punitive approach.

In England and other civilized countries, the addict was considered a normal human being, entitled to medical attention and deserving of the dignity that is due the human body.

There may have been a thousand Americans before Kennedy's time who took up the cause of considered treatment for the

22

addict, but they were isolated voices and were not heard above the strident screeching of Harry Anslinger and his followers. But when the late president took an active interest, the slow machinery of social progress was kicked over for a warm-up turn, at least—only to stall again after his assassination.

In September, 1962, the White House Conference on Narcotics and Drug Abuse convened under the chairmanship of Bob Kennedy, who was the U.S. Attorney General at the time. John F. Kennedy himself addressed the opening session, which was attended by over 400 delegates who stood for the scientific viewpoint.

Subsequently, Kennedy organized a special committee whose express function was to find the right program. This committee met with the top professional minds of the nation, and for the first time intelligent talks were held by competent men dedicated to their professions, not to politics. The National Academy of Sciences, the National Research Council and the American Medical Association began moving for an enlightened approach to the problem, although they were forty years behind England and the progressive European countries.

This initial step led to the creation of special organizations, each working in its own field. That was the complete about-turn from the days of Anslinger, to whom the problem was a game—catch the users and pushers, demand a lot of publicity, send them to jail, then start all over again when they come out, with more publicity for himself and his office. And if anybody dared to come up with a program designed to eliminate the pusher and the higher-ups, Anslinger and his mob would immediately crush it out by lobbying and dirty politics.

This claim is not a wild one. It came out in a joint report published by the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association. (Drug Addiction; Crime or Disease, 1961, Indiana University Press, financed by the Russell Sage Foundation). It was a complete indictment of Anslinger, his 'sadistic' methods, and the entire U.S. Narcotics Bureau.

There is one tiny spot on the Canadian map that has yet to be heard from. Up in the wilds of Saskatchewan, half-way between the Dew Line and the R.C.M.P. main training barracks at Regina, in the historic area where Canada's only revolution was fought, lies the not-too-well-known Saskatchewan Penitentiary, resplendent in its shabby grandeur. And within its walls there was a stir that will soon take on more meaning.

In 1964, a group of far-sighted and foresighted inmates decided not to wait for the Great Canadian Solution to the problem of addiction. This was primarily because our legislators were taking backward steps in the history of criminalology, as seen in the Habitual Criminal Act, for example.

This group of addicts went about the rather difficult task of working out their own solution, starting from scratch. No hypocrisy, no phony religious drive, no fawning "reform" move. Just a realistic down-to-earth groping for the right answer.

All the top-level conferences raging around the world did not impress—nor interest—them too much. They wanted only the right answer, in simple terms. When they learned that nobody had yet come up with it, they decided to find the best substitute for the right answer. A thorough survey pointed out that, in spite of all the criticism of A.A., its program had a worthy success record, and that spoke for itself.

Unlike other addict groups who had copied the A.A. program as is, the boys at Prince Albert decided to be guided by it only, and they set out to write their own program, under the sponsorship of an active A.A. member from town, for guidance.

The group is officially known as Add-Can. (Addict, Canada) The inmate body affectionately—or derogatorily—refers to it as "Ash Can".

Since the A.A. Program was successful because it offered a suitable way of life based on sound sociological principles, the key to the problem was to be found in a way of life suitable to the addict. Further investigations revealed that it really boiled down to two main points—compensating the basic personality problem and making a successful readjustment to the community.

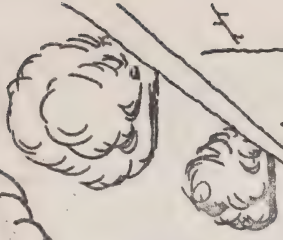
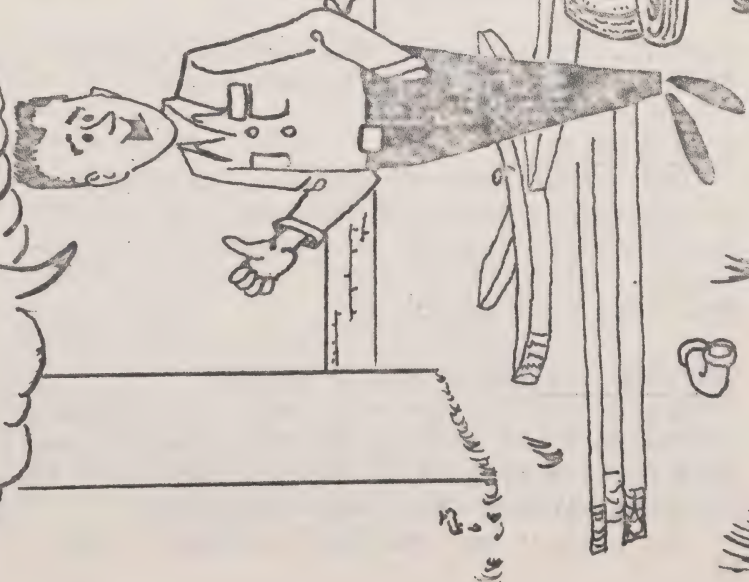
EDITOR'S NOTE: Part two of this article, describing the Add-Can movement will be published in the next issue.

Two of the younger members of the PATHFINDER staff, Rod 'Studs' McDonald and Jack Miller, have finished up their 'bits' with this issue. Both will be leaving within the next two weeks. Rod for the big city of Edmonton, and Jack for Moose Jaw. Replacing these two workers will be Norman Hill and Emile Zarbatany. PATHFINDER wishes them both the best.

STAFF

Said something about
Taking a Trip To
SOUTH AMERICA!

Heh, heh, heh,



NEW YORK, N.Y. (via PRISON MIRROR)

A bill before the state legislature in New York which would prohibit employers from asking job applicants whether they have been arrested.

Introduced by Sen. Thomas Mackell, the bill provides of, in part; "No employer shall inquire of or ask any person whether or not he has ever been arrested as a condition of employment or continuing employment."

Violation of the law would be a misdemeanor punishable by a maximum of \$500 or 30 days imprisonment.

OTTAWA, Ont. March 16

There were 252 prisoners serving life in federal penitentiaries at the start of 1965, the House of Commons was informed yesterday.

DORCHESTER, N.B. (CP)

Guard dogs are to be introduced at the Maritime penitentiary here to assist prison officers on night patrols. The first of three dogs is expected today.

(note;...Saskatchewan Penitentiary, Prince-Albert, Sask. also uses patrol dogs.)

HONG KONG May 6

One out of every 37 persons in Hong Kong is a drug addict, the Society for the Aid and Rehabilitation of Drug Addicts said yesterday. It said about 95 per cent of all Hong Kong addicts are men.

NEW YORK N.Y. (via PRISON MIRROR)

--A group of businessmen and union leaders in New York are helping develop plans to expand a pilot project of helping parolees to get jobs, into a full scale program.

The project has its goal getting jobs



for parolees, obtaining job-training for them, and getting counselling help for them.

The businessmen and union leaders have applied for a \$500,000 Federal grant to allow the "Pilot Project" to expand from 150 to 1000 parolees.

CHICAGO ILL. (via WEEKLY PROGRESS)

A former United Nations Agency official says that prisons as we know them will disappear during this century.

Norval R. Morris, Professor of Law at the University of Chicago and former Director of the Far East and Asia Institute for the Prevention of Crime and Treatment of Offenders, listed alternatives to prisons: the fine, suspended sentence, probation, probation hostels, institutional control of leisure and part-time imprisonment.

"The prison may long be required," Morris said "but it will be a prison imposing much less isolation from the world than the present type..."

He said recent modification of prison include home leave, working out, day leave, furloughs to find employment, unrestricted correspondence, frequent visits by the family and approved friends, half-way hostels as release procedures and creation of elements of a therapeutic community within the walls.

MASSACHUSETTS, U.S. (via THE PRISON MIRROR)

The State Legislature has recently passed a bill which credits prisoners sentenced to correctional institutions for the time served while awaiting trial.

The new bill is retroactive and applies to those in that state who haven't already received such credits under existing laws.

This is the third state to pass a bill of this type.

WASHINGTON D.C. (via THE LENS, Lewisburg Penn.)

Recently a group of Federal Judges from the third Judicial District, along with several leading Bureau officials from Washington, lunched in the Officers' Mess with thirty Lewisburg prisoners. Their purpose was to learn the prisoners' points of view about disparity of sentences, detainer memoes, parole problems, and modern institutional programs.

Joe lost His
Parole

How Come?

for painting his cell,
claims He's not Rehabilitated.





May 13th, 3:00 P.M.
An emanation of music,
blasted forth from twin
Fender speakers, and
a group of four young
men, dressed in the
song stylings of Jerry
Palmer and The Marksmen.

A smashing success
from the beginning,
with the lead rhythm
man—who weighs 280—
driving the group thru
its paces. With his
weight, we wonder how
he managed to twist him-
self around so much,
but twist he did, and

shaped up as the standout man in the group. Six numbers later,
the M.C. introduced the star of the show, our own Canadian-born
"Mr. Talent" himself—Jerry Palmer.

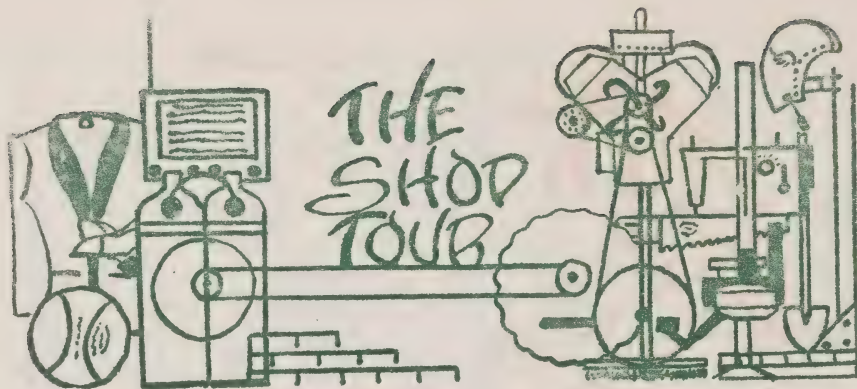
Jerry broke out into song and worked his way through Rock-N-
Roll, into Western, and back with complete ease, in spite of a
severe case of laryngitis—truly the sign of a great performer.

Songs like "Lonesome Me", "Love My Life Away", and many
others, including his own composition, "Party Pooper", were
belted out with convincing confidence, and they were well
received by the crowd.

The wrap-up, "That'll Be The Day", brought down the house.
We were sorry to see this genial entertainer go, but time was
the deciding factor, as it is in all institutions. It was the
best forty-five-minute show this place has seen in a long time.

Drop in any time, Jerry. The doors are always open wide for
you and your group.

Wishing you luck on your way up.



RADIO ROOM

It's the Radio Room. At least, I think it is. I'm not really sure. In the morning, that I'm not really sure. In the morning, it's a busy place, but it is doubly dead when you're on the air. The Radio has just signed off for another night, and in two hours and forty-five minutes it will sign on again. The Radio Room is a complex place from any point of view. It's a place where the complex characters who generally find themselves in the Radio Room. Hanging along the wall, looking like a clothes closet, is the broadcasting equipment. Considering the rattle noises it sometimes makes, I think it could be a clothes closet in some ways if it were a clothes closet.

The Radio Room is a portable cupboard house: two Stromberg Carlsson receivers, two Philco receivers, one Eico i-F tuner, one 100-Watt Public-Address system, two record turntables, and the music of the stimulated dreams of the men here.

It has a job to do, this Radio Room, and it functions with unselfish dedication—most of the time.

We have a record library that has more slipped discs than a physiotherapy clinic.





First of all we would like to remark on what a challenge it has become to make it once around the yard without picking up any foreign matter on our footwear...

To start out this months' observations; we have noticed Art Rennie running off a mile each morning which is quite remarkable for a guy of fifty-five...

Kenny Popow has unpacked, settled down and started doing his sentence again...

The two of us figure that Earl Godard is the only guy playing ball in here that is capable of completely concealing himself behind a baseball bat...

Frank Schultz played ball just long enough to find out that it takes more than a \$40.00 glove to make 'A' League...

We couldn't help but notice Jerry St. Germain skipping around in a pair of white sneakers. Stopped fighting it, have you Jerry?

We expect to see Stan + + + and friend start to play ping-pong any time now...

Those last four or five shows took a lot out of Bill (Kingfish) Evans. Eh Bill!

Brian Soxsmith dropped in from downtown long enough to show his inability to field ground balls, and flies too, for that matter...

The guys in E block would not miss the chap who gives that nerve-shattering howl each time he yawns, if he should move to C block...

We noticed Eddie Graves wearing a hat that matches some of his unusual habits...

Benny (The Dip) Skoropat already looks a little bigger since starting on the weights. Because he is very sensitive about this we shouldn't rib him - much...

After harassing all the "B" League managers for a spot on their teams, Larry Murray has decided he doesn't want to play ball this season. . . .

If Mike Pemchuk steals like he plays ball, it's quite obvious what he's doing in jail. . . .

We don't think it's coincidental that three or four guys moved off E-4 since Murray Burford started the D.C. course. Just keep acting enthusiastic, Murray. . . .

We overheard the older chap in the radio room remark on an unusual kite he received. At your age, Ray, you should feel flattered. . . .

If anyone would like to find out how to go six down on a five bid, Russ Fortin can now give you the benefit of his experience. . . . Until next time, US.

oooooooooooo000oooooooooooo

Inside Looking Out (Continued from page 21)

helping him is now hammering at his fingers. Reform, the obscure desire he can't even give name to, has suddenly become a hot stove. He wanted to make it. He wanted help. Now. He got only ridicule. What does he do? He looks at the face of "assistance" and he spits.

And the responsible people of Society, the "helpers," remain comfortably in mind by saying, "He would never have made it, anyway."

He would have, you know.

I am, then, now and for a while yet, "Inside Looking Out."

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Reprint (Continued from page 19)

5. He is reported by the institutional authorities to be in need of additional protection through custody until full expiry of sentence because of his serious physical or mental impairment.

The Parole Representative advised that special attention should be given to the above Criteria, in that one conviction in 1. and one in category 2. have the same disqualifying effect.

Parole applicants are reminded that a Parole Minimum consists of one month for each year of sentence up to a maximum of six months plus the statutory remission to the inmate's credit when he is released. The terms and conditions of Parole Minimum are generally the same as those of a Maximum Parole; e.g., police reporting, supervision, etc.

A look at Rehabilitation

young j.c.

There is a segment of the population in this prison referred to by the administration as the "Hard Core". These men are anti-administration, anti-social, (by Administration Standards) and, anti-rehabilitation.

This "Hard Core" is composed primarily of men who are considered professional criminals. Generally speaking, they are older, more mature and definitely more outspoken than the average inmate.

The Administration feels that these men, as a whole, are not a good investment for vocational training, or, for that matter, any other form of social correction other than incarceration. However; if any of these men howl loud enough and long enough, they will be given consideration for one of the many classes; ONLY if there is an opening and no young offender is available to fill it.

The Administration is not overly strict regarding imprisonment for this "Hard Core" element. These are the men who fill all the "soft" jobs where a certain amount of freedom is attached. The policy seems to be one of "Letting sleeping dogs lie", they are not raising too great a fuss so let them carry on and get their time in quickly and as easily as possible. For a system that is geared very definitely to the needs of younger offenders, this is a reasonable means to an end.

What about these "Hard Core" men themselves? As stated before, they are multi-recidivists, their records establish them as poor parole risks and their attitudes obviously indi-

cate an independence that makes the Vocational Training Instructor extremely reluctant to take them on for trade-training. In addition, younger minds are more acceptable to suggestion and are generally more easily handled in groups.

Where does this leave "the old con"? In my opinion, this man is definitely ripe for social harvesting. He has bucked the "system" both inside and outside all of his life and in all probability he is just a little tired of prison. One of the thoughts uppermost in his mind is his "old age security". Adopting the government's assumption that a healthy male can be a breadwinner right up to the age of sixty-five, we then reward him with a pension for the rest of his life. But what of our convict who is thirty-five and has been imprisoned in one of our penitentiaries on two or more occasions? Can he be rehabilitated?

The answer is a very definite - YES! This writer bases his answer on a wealth of personal experience and on the experiences of friends and acquaintances who have reached the stage in their lives when the play ceases to compensate for the pay. This conclusion has been arrived at after many, long hours of thought.

Who can say you wouldn't participate in 'one last big one'? If the opportunity presented itself, many would take the chance, but; if the man was reasonably secure in his job or business, if his homelife was running smoothly and he had a confirmed feeling of well-being as an accepted member of his community, then he would have too much to lose.

The obvious question is: Why aren't these men being examined more closely for their respective rehabilitative potential?

Because a man has walked through the front door on numerous occasions does not necessarily mean that he wants to be carried out the back way when his life runs its course.

By all means, concentrate on the young offender, for he is the boy who will one day become an "old con" unless he is taken in hand at an early date. But; give some thought to the older inhabitants of your prisons. While it may be difficult to teach an old dog new tricks, it is not impossible - providing he wants to learn. Still kicking old sayings around, let's look at the one about leading a horse to water, and try in the future to realize that when the old horse has a thirst, he will drink if the opportunity is presented.

penal press

dave straker

THE EYE OPENER - State Pen. Box 97 McAllester, Oklahoma.

We here at PATHFINDER always get a chuckle or seven from your anecdotes of which you seem to have a limitless supply. Eye Openers by Joe Shearer is just like the heading says.

STRETCH MAGAZINE - State Pen. Box 2 Lansing Kansas 56043

The rundown of your magazine's contents on page 4 is one of its outstanding features. TRUE and WIGOSY are notable for this also. Your March '65 Editorial really packs a wallop! Like your self, we are constantly amazed at the ignorance of the general public (dare we say society?) regarding convicts, prisons etc.

HARMONY NEWS - Mass. Correctional Inst. Framingham, Mass.

Glad to see you have a Penal Press column Doc Dee James, please accept our deepest for not having commented before. What the hell is a "shindig" and a "hullabaloo" Ruth Robertson? Your Editorial "In Alcoholic Speaks" really hits home. We'll take 3 Capes, Princesses and suits with models please.

THE EAGLE - Fed. Reformatory for Women. Alderson W. Virginia.

Hi to you gals too! 'See you are in the silk screen business also. Congratulations are certainly in order for the neat, orderly and most presentable appearance of your publication. Funny, isn't it (not ha-ha) even tho' we are 180 degrees different biologically, Jeanne Zanka's "Thoughts After Lights Out", is apropos to all of us cons.

PRESIDIO - State Pen. Box 316 Fort Madison, Iowa. 52627

Your little biography on the Iowa State Pen. which has escaped our attention in the past, just caught our eye for the first time this month. - Without Prejudice: Just exactly what does a "top progressive penal institution" mean? Is your total population decreasing or what? We think your magazine is great.

PAGE FRANCAISE

LE MUR ENTRE NOUS

yves gagnon

Drôle de titre, vous allez peut-être dire, pour un article! Mais, il va sans dire que je suis d'un côté de ce mur, et vous de l'autre. Il y aura bientôt quatorze mois que je suis incarcéré, et il me faut vous dire qu'à maintes reprises j'ai étudié ce mur. Oui, j'ai bien dit, étudié!

Plusieurs d'entre vous vont peut-être penser que je suis prêt pour les "Iles Canaries". Ça c'est votre privilège. Mais j'aimerais vous donner mes impressions de ce qu'il peut faire pour ou contre un être humain. Il peut nous détruire ou bien nous remettre sur le bon chemin.

Qu'est-ce qu'il a fait pour moi?

Pour être bien franc, il me faut dire que je suis encore un peu dans l'incertitude. Un homme réalise beaucoup de choses qu'il ne s'imaginait pas. Mais, pour moi, la plus difficile tâche fut de réaliser que j'étais dans un pénitencier. Au commencement de mon séjour, je ne voulais pass y croire. Je me disais que c'était un affreux cauchemar. Mais, après quelques jours, il m'a fallu faire face à la réalité, ce qui j'avais omis de faire pendant plusieurs années.

Chacun d'entre nous a, à un certain temps, rêvé de vivre dans un monde parfait, mais ce monde est toujours devant nous, font face, et s'éloigner ou de repousser les responsabilités qui nous sont imposées. Enfin, vivre un bonheur parfait.

Rêver d'une existence semblable, je crois qu'il n'y a pas grand mal à ça; mais, quand un homme vit ces rêves grandioses et pour combler le tout, il y croit fermement, il me faut admettre qu'un homme est dans un sale pétrin!

Je me sentais désorienté, perdu et délaissé. En d'autres mots, j'espérais que tout mon entourage aie pitié de moi, ce qui est, je crois, une erreur.

Mais après toutes ces réalisations, je suis encore un peu incertain et je me demande pour l'avenir. Le mur invisible que j'avais érigé entre vous et moi s'est effondré, et maintenant le mur qui nous séparent n'est que de pierres, et lui aussi n'existera plus lorsque la grande porte s'ouvrira pour me laisser passer de votre côté.



FARM NEWS

Howdy everybody. Well here I am once again with another report from out here at the farm-camp. Top billing this month, as to my puddy cat Felix, who on the 1st day of May, gave birth to three of the cutest little kittens you ever saw. All three of these little jaspers are the same color, and are the spide and image of their mother Felix. If this is not some kind of a rare record. I'd like to know what it is. Felix is no ordinary alley cat. She has been around this old jail for quite a time and is well known by everyone. One of these little kittens has been spoken for by our Farm-Camp Superintendent, Mr. Jacobson, who remarked when he saw the kittens, "I'll just have one of those Dan old chap."

Last month we held an election out here at the camp for a three man recreational committee. There were nine men nominated to run as candidates. Jerry Hume, Gene Delaney and Wayne Warner were the three men elected. Once elected, these three, kind gents lost no time in setting up drinks for the house. Every man in camp was given two bottles of pop and five cigars (five centers). The money to buy this treat, of course, was taken out of the inmate committee funds. So to these three boys, I say, well done old chap.

Now that old man winter has faded into the background. And what a nasty old man he was too. Did you ever see it so cold? Anyway, now that the weather is nice and warm, the boys out here are having a ball. On May 1st, the boys entered in the P.A. district Commercial League, which will open on the 18th of May. By the time Pathfinder puts out this issue, the boys

MISS PATHFINDER CONTEST

GIVE OUR MISS PATHFINDER A NAME AND WIN YOURSELF A PRIZE!!!

Entries must be in the Committee Box before July 1st.
Contest closed to Committee Members and Pathfinder Staff.

ENTER AS MANY NAMES AS YOU WISH!!!

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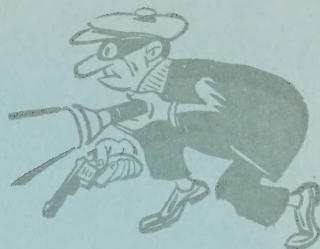
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